

Talking It Over

-Dad, it's time. We've decided to get you into Shimmer-Leaf.

-Fuck no! The country club set leaves McMansions. They go to fuckin dinner dressed up in these ancient-tweed sport jackets, baby-shit-yellow slacks, and cocktail dresses. Bunch of retired dentists! Make you puke.

-Be reasonable.

-I like it here.

-You pissed your pants last week!

-A fuckin spy! Everywhere you go under these Republicans!

-Has nothing to do with politics. We can't have you...

-YOU can't? Hey my friends said, "Get back and jump under the shower. You smell like piss!" So we handled it. I have friends! No like stupid Shimmer-Leaf, where I'll be required to know my place. That's it about Democracy, American style: Know your place!

-You don't need all these political opinions.

-I'm terrifically corrosive farter, too. People fall over in the elevator.

-I'm sorry you won't see things clearly. If we have to go to the lawyer, we will.

-He'll stick it up your ass good! But not mine, little boy!